

Who's Been Loving You?

Who's Been Loving You? - I

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Summary:

The Losers learn about Richie and Eddie's relationship in varying degrees. Bill might be the most traumatised. Jury's still out.

PROMPT: Love your writing! < 3 Reddie prompt I've been living for: established relationship, and the losers interactions with them/how they found out about their relationship/what have you!

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Author's Note:

Characters aren't mine. Enjoy.

WARNING: There's strong language and homophobic slurs. Also, they're aged up here.

Drop me an ask or a prompt. Feedback is appreciated.

A/N: I might be doing prompts just once or twice a week, because school's been fucking me over big time. I apologize. Also thanks for whoever gave me the prompt ;)

Oddly enough, it's Mike who finds out first.

They weren't really *hiding* their relationship, per se, but after Beverly got her first boyfriend, they're all... stuffy, like being in a relationship means that they'd stop hanging out with each other. Richie says that *their* relationship is like a win-win to the Losers' Club and them, because they're practically melded together by the hip.

Richie'd taken him out on a date— even weirder, he took Eddie out to *stargaze*, of all things. And it was cute, hot, and also very sweet, especially since they'd mostly been... handsy with each other. They're seventeen year olds, for fuck's sake, they can do anything they want. Actually, no. Eddie's not quite ready for that. He's fine with sitting in Richie's lap and making out with him under the fucking stars like in one of his mom's harlequin novels.

And then Richie put him on his back, smiling into Eddie's mouth as Eddie screamed in surprise, and then suddenly, something was cocking, and Mike Hanlon's voice was breaking through the clearing
—

“If you're a murderer, I got a fucking gun!”

Richie snorts and Eddie looks up from where he's been laid down,

hands still on Richie's shoulder as Mike burst through the brushes, eyes wide and indeed, his free projectile gun in hand.

Richie blurts out, "We're just making out! What the *fuck*! I thought you were kidding about the gun!"

Eddie cackles as he fists his hands in Richie's Hawaiian shirt, "Hey, Mike."

"What's up with white people and making out in *forests*? God," Mike pinches the bridge of his nose as he sheathes his gun, "It's almost nine p.m." he furrows his eyebrows and cocks his hip, eyes almost judging, but his smile is soft, "Won't Mrs. K be looking for you, Ed?"

Eddie squeaks, "Ah, shit. I forgot,"

"Wait, *wait*, I haven't even put my hand on your ass yet—"

"Can you walk me home, Mike?" Eddie dusts himself and sticks his tongue out as he picks off the leaves from his hair. Richie frowns.

He smiles radiantly down at Richie, the little shit that Eddie Kaspbrak is, and starts walking beside an equally grinning Mike Hanlon, leaving Richie sitting stupidly on the grass.

Thus became Mike "Cockblock" Hanlon.

Ben found them out, next.

He and Eddie were, quite literally, sleeping together.

After a whole night of Eddie quizzing Richie for Richie's upcoming entrance exams, they'd gone out to roam around, and promptly fell asleep underneath the tree a few yards away from the library with Eddie's head tipped to touch against his, their hands intertwined between them.

The sound of grass crunching made Eddie snap up in surprise, “Hu ‘zer?” he mumbles tiredly, and Richie makes a noise, moving to tuck his arms around Eddie’s waist.

Ben looks at Eddie’s cowlick, and then to Richie’s drooling face, “Were you two really sleeping in a public area?”

Eddie makes a face, “Whatever made you come up with that conclusion, genius?” he huffs snidely, angry for being rudely awakened.

The other boy sighs exasperatedly. Yes, Eddie and Richie together means that their snark is tenfold, but Richie says it’s their charm.

“I can put you guys’ bikes in my truck. I’ll drive you both home.”

Richie mutters, “Home?”

Eddie’s angry glare softens as he runs his fingers through Richie’s hair, coaxing him awake, “Hey, idiot. Wake up, we’ve fallen asleep near the library again.”

The boy groans but sits up, swaying toward Eddie, making him laugh as he puts on Richie’s glasses on for him.

Ben just watches them, this oddly somber look on his face. Eddie invites him in for dinner, and somehow, Eddie’s thankful that Ben didn’t treat them differently.

But maybe it’s just Eddie’s lasagna that’s staving Ben’s anger and disgust. Unclear.

“I’m happy for you guys, but—”

Oh, god, there’s the ‘but’.

“—you gotta stop sleeping everywhere.”

Richie looks up from where he’s shoving lasagna into his mouth, “Can’t promise anything, boss,” he says, the lasagna flying everywhere, and Eddie frowns in disgust, throwing a napkin on his face.

“You’re making yourself *pretty*,” Beverly says from where she’s laying on his bed, head hanging off the side of the bed. She’s wearing a nice blue summer dress and her hair’s still sheared short.

Eddie huffs and tries to tame his hair; Richie’s made it known that he likes Eddie’s longer, wilder hair more, and Eddie likes it, too, to be honest. And he’s given up on what to wear– he’s just chilling in his underwear right now, far too comfortable with Beverly around to actually be shy.

He raises his eyebrow at her, “What’s it to you?”

She grins, “I’m pretty sure I can help you,”

“Yeah, I’m sure I’ll get great fashion tips from someone who thinks purple and *grey* go together,” he scoffs, and Beverly scrunches her nose, pinching his outer thigh before jumping off the bed and disappearing into his closet. Eddie carefully follows, peering into the closet as Beverly rummages around.

“You have a *lot* of shorts. Jesus, Eddie.”

The boy bristles at that, “They’re comfortable. And I like them.”

“I bet Richie likes them more,”

Eddie sputters before laughing in astonishment, “As if. He’s more concerned with his own legs than mine, trust me.”

Beverly pokes her head out, “Fine. Wear jeans for one week straight,” she throws a pair at him, “I’m gonna be right, and you’re going to be wrong, and then you’re going to buy me lunch.”

“Fuck off, red.” is all Eddie retorts with.

It isn’t until later, while he and Richie are shouting at the opposing team at the roller derby that Eddie realizes that Beverly knows about

him and Richie.

Also, he's wearing shorts.

“Just wear protection.” Is all Stan says as he stares them down from where he’s standing by the door, and Richie makes a face.

Eddie feels the need to hide.

Stan rolls his eyes, “And for god’s sake, stop making out in my bed when you think I’m not around. Some things are sacred.”

Richie looks unrepentant about that.

Eddie sighs.

Bill Denbrough’s seen a lot of things in his seventeen years of life.

He’s seen Ben’s asscrack probably more times that he can count, he’s seen sunsets, he’s seen Mike dance to Boyz II Men in just his underwear, he’s seen Stan wear thigh high socks and not be embarrassed by it, he’s seen Beverly Marsh jump off the side of the quarry without so much as a warning, he’s seen Richie Tozier steal a grocery cart’s worth of zit cream, and he’s seen Eddie Kaspbrak recite Latin incantations over one of Richie’s dirty socks.

But he’s sure nothing’s going to top seeing Richie Tozier hanging off a tree branch with Eddie Kaspbrak cursing and hacking at him to go down, red in the face and looking like he’s ready to fight anyone and everyone. Bill’s almost scared to go near him in fear for his life.

“I swear to fucking god, Richie, if you don’t go down that fucking

tree— oh, Bill!” he turns to Bill, shoulders relaxing minutely, “Bill, tell this idiot that he can’t keep on running away from responsibilities.”

“Re-responsibilities?”

“Yeah, Bill! Stick it to the man!” Richie crows from where he’s scrambling up the tree, “Tell that devil child that I’m not doing fucking *laundry*!”

Eddie turns impossibly redder than that, “You are *not* wearing my fucking clothes, you goddamned hobo! You either wash your shit or run around naked!” the boy huffs angrily, “I’m not suffering through *questionable* stains on my clothes again.” Bill can almost see the pain and trauma in Eddie’s face as he says this.

Bill frowns. What the *fuck* is happening?

“Then I’ll run around naked,” Richie retorts snidely, “I’m sure *someone* will appreciate that,”

“No!” Eddie sneers right back, and there’s something between them that makes Bill want to back away, but Eddie’s hand is claspings at his shirt, keeping him from just turning tail and running, because he’s sure this is going to become nuclear soon and *fast*.

Eddie growls and begins muttering to himself, “I swear to god, do the idiot’s laundry *once* and he thinks I’m his fucking maid, is this what I get for committing myself to a serial slob? When did my standards get so low?”

“I can hear you, Kaspbrak. I’m a slob, not deaf.”

“Oh, good. Now that we’re on the fucking topic, why the *fuck* do keep on insisting putting your feet up my dashboard?”

“You wanna hash this out? Let’s fucking hash it out,” Richie says from where he’s still hugging the tree, “What is your fucking deal with recycling jeans, huh? They’re meant to be recycled!”

“Not for two weeks straight!” Eddie shrieks, “And *you* don’t brush your teeth before going to bed! I *sleep* beside your fucking mouth! It’s

like sleeping with a trash can!"

Bill raises his hands, trying to calm them both down, "O-okay, guys, w-we can talk about this calmly," he says softly but sternly as Richie drops to the grass, striding towards Eddie and practically towering over the smaller boy.

"Shut up!" They say in tandem, twin brown eyes livid with unabashed anger. Bill shivers, but keeps his ground. This won't be the first time he's stopped the two from full-on brawling with each other. But by God, they're both so harsh with each other.

Bill Denbrough's seen many things, but nothing's quite put the fear of God in him like Richie Tozier and Eddie Kaspbrak fighting.

"Call me an fucking trash can one more time, detergent-sniffer,"

Eddie tips his head up in defiance, "Good insult, you magnified germ."

Richie looks pensive but still angry, pushing his glasses up roughly, "One more question,"

The smaller boy frowns, and Richie plows on, "Brains or money?"

"Wh—that isn't even— you have none of those things!"

"You're a shitty boyfriend."

Eddie curls his lips, "You're inconsiderate, insensitive and unromantic."

"You're evil. And will probably kill me in my sleep."

"Sleep with one eye open, bitch."

"I'm gonna make out with him now, Bill, so I suggest you leave." Richie murmurs.

Bill's not sure what happens, because a second ago, they were fighting, and— yeah, that's Tozier's hand on Eddie's butt— *Jesus Christ*.

"I'm," Bill nervously starts, "I'll g-g-go."

Beverly greets him on his way home. She grins knowingly and Bill sighs. Apparently, Richie and Eddie in a relationship is even worse than when they were just friends. Somehow, Bill muses, they still make it work.

"They just really need to come out and tell us," Stan says blandly, pocketing his hands as he leans into Bill, who is attentively watching their two idiot friends flirt in the distance. They're all leaning against Ben's truck near the forest clearing, where they all usually hang out after school.

Beverly shakes her head, "Let them have their fun."

"So, when's the wedding?" Ben says cheerily, "I hope Eddie's mom makes cake."

Bill sighs, "They're so... *to-touchy*," he pauses, "b-but it's *ad-ad-adorable*."

Stan laughs at that, "That's an overstatement,"

Mike shrugs from where he's sipping at his milkshake, "They're scary cute,"

The redhead caws amusedly, "I like that! *Scary cute*."

From a few feet away, Eddie frowns at Richie, who is poking at his sides incessantly, a huge grin on his face. Eddie swats the other boy's hands away, saying something that seems biting, but Richie just makes a disbelieving face and continues poking at him, before wrapping his arms around his waist and kissing him square in the mouth. They're—the Losers' Club, that is—actually glad that Richie and Eddie trusts them enough to be this affectionate with each other.

Beverly smiles as she throws her arm over Mike's shoulder, beckoning

him to let her have a sip from his vanilla milkshake. Eddie seems to have had enough as he pushes Richie away, sticking his tongue out and making gagging noises loud enough for them to hear even at this distance.

“Look, it’s the *faggots*,”

The redhead rolls her eyes and the rest tenses up, eyes tracking as Bowers and his cronies approach Eddie and Richie, who seem apprehensive but alert as they square their shoulders, meeting Bowers eye-to-eye.

Bowers sneers repugnantly, placing one hand on Eddie’s wild hair, “Who let you out? *God*.” he shakes his head, “It was better when your mom kept you at home, girly boy. At least then you weren’t spreading the fag disease around.”

Bill shouts, “H-hey!” standing to make his way to his friends.

But Eddie’s already kicking Bowers in between the legs, “Call me a fucking girly boy one more fucking time! I’m the girliest fucking boy you’ll ever see!” he roars as Bowers falls onto his side, clutching at his balls. *That* looks like it fucking hurts.

Stan actually snorts, and Beverly exchanges looks with Ben, whose mouth is gaping.

Richie shrugs and yawns from where he’s lazily hooked his arm around Eddie’s waist, before snapping his darkened gaze towards the three other boys with Bowers.

“Do you really want us to fuck you up?” he asks boredly.

Eddie smirks just as darkly as Richie’s eyes, but with the sweetness only Eddie Kaspbrak has, his head tilted and lips curled amiably, “We don’t charge.”

Beverly could swear they all shivered along with Bowers’ cronies.

Author's Note:

A/N: Title is from Watsky's album. And I had fun with this one.

ps remember lads if u think kids learning about their own sexuality and growing into it naturally under their own volition is somehow wrong then uh i got news for u bud: u are homophobic